And plucke the mangled *Tibalt* from his shrowde,
And in this rage, with some great kinsmans bone,
As with a club dash out my desperate braines.
O looke, me thinks I see my Cozins Ghost,
Seeking out *Romeo* that did spit his body
Vpon a Rapiers point: stay *Tibalt* stay;
Romeo, Romeo, Romeo, heres drinke, I drinke to thee.

Enter Lady of the house and Nurse.

La. Hold, take these keyes, and fetch more spices *Nurse.*
Nur. They call for Dates and Quinces in the Pastrie.

Enter old Capulet.

Ca. Come, stir, stir, stir, the second Cocke hath crowed,
The Curphew Bell hath roung, tis three a clocke:
Looke to the bakte meates, good *Angelica*,
Spare not for cost.
Nur. Goe you Cot-queane, goe,
Get you to bed, faith youle be sicke to morrow
For this nights watching.
Ca. No not a whit, what? I haue watcht ere now
All night for lesse cause, and nere beene sicke.
La. I you haue bin a mouse-hunt in your time,
But I will watch you from such watching now.

Exit Lady *and* Nurse.

Ca. A iealous hood, a iealous hood, now fellow, what is there?

Enter three or foure with spits and logs and baskets.

Fel. Things for the Cooke sir, but I know not what.
Ca. Make haste, make haste sirrah, fetch drier Logs.
Call *Peter*, he will shew thee where they are.
Fel. I haue a head sir, that will find out Logs,
And neuer trouble *Peter* for the matter.
Ca. Masse and well said, a merrie horson, ha,
Thou shalt be Loggerhead; good faith tis day.

Play Musicke.

The Countie will be here with musicke straight,
For so he said he would, I heare him neere.
Nurse, wife, what ho, what *Nurse* I say?

Enter Nurse.

Goe waken *Iuliet*, goe and trim her vp, Ile

Ile goe and chat with *Paris*, hie, make haste,
Make haste, the Bridegroome, he is come alreadie, make haste
I say.
Nur. Mistris, what Mistris, *Iuliet*, fast I warrant her she,
Why Lambe, why Ladie, fie you sluggabed,
Why Loue I say, Madam, sweet heart, why Bride:
What not a word, you take your penniworths now,
Sleepe for a weeke, for the next night I warrant
The Countie *Paris* hath set vp his rest,
That you shall rest but little, God forgiue me.
Marrie and Amen: how sound is she a sleepe:
I must needs wake her: Madam, Madam, Madam,
I, let the Countie take you in your bed,
Heele fright you vp yfaith, will it not be?
What dresst, and in your clothes, and downe againe?
I must needs wake you, Lady, Lady, Lady.
Alas, alas, helpe, helpe, my Ladie's dead.
Oh weladay, that euer I was borne,
Some *Aqua-vitæ* ho, my Lord, my Lady.
Mo. What noyse is heere?
Nur. O lamentable day.
Mo. What is the matter?
Nur. Looke, looke, oh heauie day.
Mo. O me, O me, my child, my onely life:
Reuiue, looke vp, or I will dye with thee:
Helpe, helpe, call helpe.

Enter Father.

Fa. For shame bring *Iuliet* forth, her Lord is come.
Nur. She's dead: deceast, she's dead, alacke the day.
Mo. Alack the day, she's dead, she's dead, she's dead.
Fa. Hah, let me see her, out alas she's cold,
Her bloud is setled and her ioynts are stiffe:
Life and these lips haue long beene separated,
Death lyes on her like an vntimely frost
Vpon the sweetest flower of all the field.
Nur. O lamentable day.
Mo. O wofull time.

Fa-